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THE Nation

June 11, 1955
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The Power to Kill

From Clubs to Cobalt Bombs

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EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

Thomas Mann at Eighty *Frederic Morton*
Ten Years of Peron *Lisandro Montes*
What Bandung Achieved *C. P. FitzGerald*

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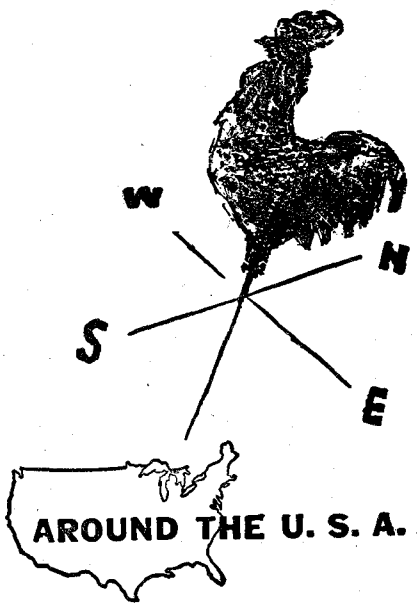

Controlling the Conscience of the Church

Los Angeles

CALIFORNIA is still the only state in the Union where churches and educational and charitable organizations must sign once a year a declaration of "non-disloyalty" in order to obtain tax exemption. The law requiring them to do so, passed in 1953, is an enabling law to a previously passed amendment to the California constitution which stipulates that no person or organization advocating the overthrow of the government of the United States or of California by force or violence or other unlawful means or the support of a foreign government in case of hostilities shall be entitled to tax exemption.

While charitable and educational organizations have shown little interest in the law, some churches and veterans' groups have brought the matter into court. Two of these cases were won, a third was lost. In Contra Costa County, Lawrence Spiser, a veteran and a member of the American Civil Liberties Union, brought suit against the tax assessor, and the Superior Court of the county, with all five judges sitting as a body, decided unanimously that the law was unconstitutional.

In the Superior Court of Los Angeles County, Judge Philbrick McCoy ruled in favor of the plaintiff in a suit brought by the People's Church in Van Nuys, but the state has appealed. In the same court Judge Rhone found that the First Unitarian Church of Los Angeles had no case in contending that the law was contrary to the federal and state constitutions in that it violated religious freedom, freedom of speech, and the principle of equal application, and threw the claim out. The First Unitarian Church is preparing an appeal.

The decision of the five judges in Contra Costa County is the most important one. It branded as a violation of the Bill of Rights the attempt by the state to force, under threat of economic penalties, a person or organization to take an oath which he or it may not be able or willing to take in good conscience. In addition, it declared the law invalid because discriminatory.

The case of the People's Church in Van Nuys, in which the American Civil Liberties Union joined, was decided on a rather narrow issue. The court refused to rule on the most important contention—that the law violates religious freedom and the traditional separation of church and state—though this was ably argued by Attorney A. L. Wirin. It confined itself to ruling that the law was invalid because it demands the "non-disloyalty" declaration only from certain persons and organizations instead of from all.

MORE than a year ago this writer reported on the church loyalty oath in *The Nation* and quoted various religious leaders who were convinced that the oath was in effect an attempt by the state to control the conscience of the church. At that time many churchmen felt such fears were exaggerated. This feeling is not prevalent any longer.

Assemblyman Levering, author of the original loyalty-oath law, this year introduced a new bill which denies tax exemption to any church which "knowingly permits the use of its premises by any person connected with or by any of the organizations named on the Attorney General's list." Thus churches which have signed the non-disloyalty declaration in their tax return would have to investigate not only every member and prospective member but also every guest speaker and every organization renting a church room for a meeting. Every occasional visitor who came to worship would have to be screened the same way. As the Reverend George Wormer, retired Superintendent of the Methodist conference, ironically remarked, a church would have to post a permanent investigator at the entrance to its rest rooms to make sure that no "subversive" person would by "using the premises" cause the church to lose its tax exemption.

Under the chairmanship of Dr. Wormer an Interfaith Council to Eliminate Tax Oaths has recently been formed in Los Angeles, comprising Methodists, Congregationalists, Unitarians, Universalists, and Jews. The council is planning a state-wide educational campaign for funds to help the churches defray the cost of test cases. Effective lobbying in Sacramento has at least resulted in the introduction, by State Senator Richard Richards and Assemblyman Lester McMillan, both from Los Angeles, of two spot bills aimed at repealing or modifying the law. A convention of Unitarians from the West Coast and British Columbia held in Alameda last February resolved to support churches fighting the loyalty oath and to lobby in the state capital against the new Levering bill. The Board of Rabbis for Southern California has passed a resolution to encourage temples and synagogues to join the fight against the loyalty oath.

In Sacramento the new Levering bill has recently been defeated in committee. On the other hand a bill excusing churches but not other organizations from the tax-exemption oath, which had been passed in committee, has been defeated in the Assembly.

But the fight against the loyalty oath is still far from won. Court contests are long-drawn-out and expensive, and the few brave churches which have entered on them must bear the burden of a greatly increased budget. In the form of state property taxes they are paying the price of continued religious freedom. What the British two hundred years ago called "the destroying taxing power of the state" and succeeded in abolishing by gaining tax exemption for churches is exercised in California at this moment.

MARTIN HALL

[*Martin Hall is a California free-lance writer.*]

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THE Nation
EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

The Shape of Things

Toward "Active Coexistence"

By round-about routes no one would have thought of a year ago, the world seems to be moving toward peace—a cold peace perhaps, but better than either a cold or a hot war. One sign of progress was China's release of the four American fliers, announced in India and following the visit to Peking of V. K. Krishna Menon, Premier Nehru's emissary, now on his way to Washington. It is known that Krishna Menon has been searching for ways to overcome the deadlock over Formosa and China's representation in the U. N.; he may bring with him to Washington suggestions based on his talks with the Chinese leaders. Mr. Nehru is on his way to Moscow with a state visit to Belgrade to follow, and U Nu, his fellow neutralist, has just arrived in Belgrade enroute to London and New York. These journeyings, like that of Krishna Menon, have a single purpose—the encouragement of what Tito has labeled "active coexistence."

The visit of the Soviet leaders to Belgrade, their public apologies for the wrong done the Yugoslav Communists in 1948, their approval of Tito's foreign policy—including even his acceptance of aid from the West—and especially the signing of a joint declaration that incorporates Tito's conditions regarding "mutual respect for, and non-interference in, the internal affairs" of other countries—all this has become the subject of fascinated scrutiny and debate here and elsewhere.

Some observers seem to think Krushchev's bear-like friendliness trapped the Yugoslavs into naive support of Russian policies. Some credit Tito with a diplomatic triumph that diminished the stature of the Soviet leaders and may result in the crumbling of the Soviet bloc. But the truth probably lies elsewhere. For reasons of its own self-interest, Moscow quite obviously wants to reduce the stress that has solidified a Western military alliance and all but insured the massive rearming of Germany. The declaration signed in Belgrade is an unqualified acceptance of the principle of coexistence, spelled out in terms that are bound to have a wide appeal. Its echoes will reach far, perhaps into the minds of the satellite leaders—even while they plan the new association of Communist nations in which Russia will be only the "first among equals"—but surely into the councils of the Western powers as they attempt to formulate a coordinated plan for the coming Big Four meetings.

Thus the Belgrade talks must be regarded as a "deed" in the sense suggested by President Eisenhower. Clumsy as the behavior of the Russians appeared, the consequences of their visit will undoubtedly reinforce pressures throughout Europe for the kind of policy called for by Tito in his speech at Tula a few days before the Russians arrived: ". . . not a policy of blocs, of an ideological division of the world into blocs, but a policy of discovering another road, the road of cooperation and active coexistence among nations . . . regardless of differences in internal political systems."

Prompt and Reasonable

Instead of setting a deadline for compliance with its school-desegregation decree of May 17, the Supreme Court ordered only a "prompt and reasonable start toward full compliance." The determination of what is "prompt and reasonable" is left, for the time being, to the lower courts, and the country can look forward to some highly diverting semantic arguments on this score. Already Senator Eastland of Mississippi has indicated that he believes that a "hundred years" would be a "right reasonable" time for compliance. No doubt his colleagues from other parts of the Deep South feel the same way. Yet even Mr. Eastland does not expect to be Mississippi's Senator for the next hundred years or anything like it, and his successor may feel differently about matters. It is such long-range thinking that led the N. A. A. C. P., which led the fight for desegregation, to accept the Supreme Court's latest order with equanimity. The border states have already given signs that they are prepared to be reasonable about defining what is "prompt and reasonable"; the Deep South's defenses will crumble more slowly, but crumble they must under the long-wearing effects of law and the national mores.

This at least is the theory. The more militant exponents of racial equality disagree; they would have preferred a show-down to a slow-down. But even they will admit that as a result of the Supreme Court's actions segregation in the public schools has been placed on borrowed time. The greater the public pressures, the sooner will the courts be able to demand payment in full.

The Constitution Is For All

In recent years Congressional inquisitors have driven home the simple truth that a Congressional committee is an improper forum for determining an individual's guilt or innocence. *The Nation* has consistently maintained that a witness's use of the Fifth Amendment was an indication that the committee might be invading a

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sphere properly reserved for the courts. It was discouraging, therefore, to read the newspaper reports of Senator Estes Kefauver's treatment of three witnesses, operators of bookstores, who appeared before his subcommittee investigating juvenile delinquency. If the witnesses had answered certain questions put to them, they might have been liable to prosecution under state obscenity statutes. They were clearly within their rights, therefore, when they invoked the privilege against self-incrimination. Nevertheless, Senator Kefauver announced that he considered them in contempt and would proceed with immediate citations.

The Senator's subcommittee has every right to investigate the sale of pornographic literature. Any evidence it may gather should be turned over to the proper law-enforcement authorities. It may certainly hear expert testimony concerning the relationship between pornography and juvenile delinquency. But any Congressional committee dangerously oversteps its bounds when it uses the threat of contempt to elicit testimony which could subject the witness to criminal prosecution. Such violations of due process are no more excusable when the witness is an alleged pornography peddler than when he is a school teacher, minister, or government employee. In a period when the investigative technique has been used to submerge liberal thought and action, leaders like Senator Kefauver must preserve with scrupulous care those constitutional safeguards which have been so badly abused.

A Special Issue and the Forum

In connection with *The Nation's* ninetieth anniversary dinner forum on Atoms for Peace, to be held at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York on June 19 (the program is given on the cover), this magazine's next number will be a sixty-four page special issue devoted to the same subject. The editors believe it will be worth a permanent place on your bookshelves. They believe that the breadth and depth of its approach to the problem and its distinguished list of contributors, will make it a milestone in magazine history. The contributors include Bertrand Russell, philosopher and Nobel prize-winner; Leland Olds, perhaps the greatest American authority on public power; J. Bronowski, the brilliant British scientist; David O. Woodbury, author of "Atoms for Peace"; Gunnar Randers, special consultant on atomic energy to the Secretary General of the United Nations; Sir John Cockroft, director of Britain's atomic-energy research center at Harwell and a Nobel prize-winner; David Cavers, associate dean of the Harvard Law School, who has written much on the peace-time uses of the atom; M. L. Olipnant, one of Australia's foremost scientists and a former associate of the great British physicist, the late Sir Ernest Rutherford; and others of high distinction. The issue will be a stupendous job of exploration into the atom's potential. But like the forum to which it is linked, it will be more than that: it will have a focal point, a direction, which

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should hearten liberals in their fight for a better world.

Extra copies of the special issue will be available for bulk orders. Interested persons who plan to attend the dinner forum on June 19 will find a copy at their place. (Those who live too far away may want to reserve a place for a friend or relative in the New York area. This may be done easily by using the coupon on the back cover.)

Post Mortem in Britain

A London correspondent writes: The election was scarcely over when the knives were out in the Labor Party's factional fight. "I accuse Bevan!" was the bold headline in the Sunday *Express* over an article by Woodrow Wyatt, right-wing Laborite, who lost in a marginal constituency. The Manchester *Guardian* said: "The Bevanites did not do well; it will be seen that the swing against them was above the average and they had some extremely small majorities." The *Daily Mirror,* a pro-Labor paper which in many ways is more influential than the party's official organ, the *Daily Herald,* charges that Bevan cost Labor a million votes but it has begun a campaign to oust not only the left-wing leader but Attlee, Morrison, and the whole Old Guard of the party. The pressures have already brought results. Hugh Dalton, one of the party's veterans, has indicated he would not be a candidate for reelection to Labor's "shadow cabinet," and there have been reports that Attlee himself wants an infusion of younger blood into the leadership.

The elections showed that the British voter prefers reasonable and constructive programs to oratorical brilliance. By a slight margin he found more of what he wanted in the "new" Conservatives than in the unreconstructed Labor Party.

Did Bevan really wreck the elections for Labor? The evidence is that the 1,500,000 votes lost by the party were withheld about equally from right, left, and center. If Bevan, in winning his Welsh mining-district seat, ran behind his own previous effort by 2,000 votes, right-wing Laborite James Griffith, standing in a similar area, saw his former majority decreased by 5,000 votes. The facts would seem to show that Labor candidates lost votes in most instances not because they were right, left, or center, but because so many of them were doctrinaire in their campaigning and neglected domestic issues in favor of foreign affairs. Harold Wilson, left-winger running in a Lancashire district, won because he offered himself as an economic technician capable of handling a threatened textile crisis. Bevan's close associate, Michael Foot, a brilliant theorist and pamphleteer, lost in Davenport, a family stronghold; Ian Mikardo, of the same faction, who paid close attention to his political machine and campaigned chiefly on domestic issues, won fairly handily.

TEN YEARS OF PERON

Death of a "Revolution" . . *by Lisandro Montes*

TEN years of one of the most arbitrary and personal political regimes in Latin America have converted General Juan Domingo Peron into a tired, skeptical man whose chief amusement seems to be watching the internecine struggle of his own henchmen over the question of his successor.

The government itself no longer interests him; he works very little, spending the greater part of the day with the students and sportsmen who surround him in his residence, Olivos, fifteen miles from Buenos Aires. Of ten audiences which he grants, six are likely to be to drivers of racing cars, boxers, and movie stars. He still appears at political and workers' demonstrations organized by his propaganda apparatus, which are each time smaller and less spontaneous. He makes speeches as in the past, but without his former demagogic fervor, without warmth or conviction, simply as if he were complying with the routine demands of his office.

Ten years of destructive and negative action, of disintegration and growing corruption, without the slightest positive or durable achievement, have corroded the substance and elan of a movement which pretended to be a popular revolution. In 1945 many people honestly believed in Peron. In 1955 the masses still follow him, chiefly out of inertia and fear of what might befall if they did not, but no one any longer believes in *justicialismo* or hopes for anything from its leader. The government is an arena in which rival bands of racketeers and speculators try to enrich themselves as fast as possible and everything is "traded," from the concession to a foreign consortium of the petroleum resources of the nation to a license for importing Chevrolets, which are sold in the black market at the in-

LISANDRO MONTES is the pen name of a journalist who recently visited Argentina and interviewed the leaders of the government and the opposition.

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credible price of $12,000 (1955 Cadillacs cost $30,000). But in the country there are not enough trucks to transport the harvest, and industrial plants have such antiquated machinery that they often are forced to halt production for lack of parts. On the other hand, the state spends thousands of millions of pesos a year on Olympic games, festivals, and parades.

DURING carnival I went to a little city in northern Argentina. For a week interest was centered in parties and balls, with queens being elected in each neighborhood by popular vote. The queens, perched on the high thrones of the carnival floats, were daughters of local workers, farmers, and small merchants; they and their courtiers were the youth of the Peronist era whom the state spoils with costly and elaborate entertainments. The *pane et circenses* of the Roman tyrants are incredibly well handled in the Argentina of Peron—the only thing the state has been able to organize in such perfect style. It has expropriated the buildings and installations of most of the social and sport clubs and of many luxurious hotels in the resort cities and given them to the workers' unions and the organization of Peronist students, that is to say, to the people. The U. S. E., an association of secondary-school students, is today the most powerful body in the country, for Peron personally occupies himself with organizing its social and sport events. Sources close to the Casa Rosada, the Presidential palace, assure me that Peron spends half his day directing the activities of the U. S. E. Thus the unions and Peronist organizations have become the new social hierarchy and been given the opportunity to enjoy pleasures and luxuries formerly reserved for a small minority.

The former aristocrats look with a melancholy eye upon this eruption of the masses into their traditional preserves, and have retreated to unassailable positions on their great estates. There the revolutionary wave has not intruded, nor will it, for Peron has taken away from the old oligarchy only its monopoly of elegance, the glitter and pomp of other times, in order to give the masses the illusion of a social revo-

Peron

lution. He has not modified one bit the basic structure of Argentina. On the contrary, he has impoverished the small agricultural producer and has augmented the wealth of the great absentee landlords and cattle men just as he has created monopolistic concentration in industry.

THE result of ten years of Peronist economics could not be more negative. Under Peron the state exercises absolute and arbitrary control over the economy. It also exploits directly several industries and public services and is the sole exporter of agricultural products. Economic planning, which in other countries has been successful, has produced the following deplorable results in Argentina:

1. The total national income of Argentina rose from 16,584,000,000 pesos in 1945 to 20,180,000,000 in 1953 (computed at the 1945 value)—is to say, an increase of 22 per cent in eight years, which signifies an annual increase of less than 3 per cent. During the same time the national income of other Latin American countries rose 8 per cent a year. In terms of the per capita increase the percentage only reaches 2 per cent, for in these eight years the population has increased 20 per cent. This signifies that economic development has remained stationary in the Peronist era after having shown a rapid increase during the two world wars.

2. The agrarian policy of Peron has brought depopulation of the countryside and considerable decline in production. Cultivated areas have diminished 34 per cent, and the real income of farmers has gone down 36 per cent. This explains why from 1945 to the present 100,000 farm families have abandoned the land and migrated to the cities.

2. Industrial production was valued at 4,146,000,000 pesos in 1945 and increased to 4,776,000,000 in 1953—in other words, a modest annual rise of 2 per cent. In the same period the average annual increase in other Latin American countries was 6.4 per cent—a low average compared to other regions of the world. The growth of Argentine industry, which between 1935 and 1942 was at the rate of 8 per cent a year, has been entirely arrested, and a period of real crisis threatens owing to the scarcity of raw materials, fuel, and power. Textile and shoe factories are working at a fraction of their normal capacity. The situation benefits only the great monopolies, which realize a profit of 30 to 40 per cent, while their small competitors disappear.

4. The inflationary policies of the government have ruined the middle classes and ended by nullifying the wage increases and social benefits granted to the workers at the beginning of the regime. The cost of living has risen to 659.9 in 1953 (based on 100 in 1943), while salaries have only increased to 521.4 on the same basis. This means that in real wages the workers are getting 33 per cent less than ten years ago.

Discontent is evident among the majority of trade-union members. But all signs of protest are squelched by the leaders, who act in effect, as police officials of the government. Militant workers are frequently denounced and turned over to the police by the union leaders themselves. Strikes are forbidden, and unions no longer hold meetings. Of the 600 political prisoners at present in jail 90 per cent are workers, arrested for daring to disobey the orders of their leaders who had sold out to the government. The rest are lawyers who tried to defend these workers, students of both sexes, and intellectuals—among them the famous architect Fermin Beretervide. All are held prisoner without judicial process by virtue of a power conferred on the President of the Republic by the law of "the internal state of war," sanctioned in 1951 to suppress a military uprising which was put down in twenty-four hours.

The climate of violence, arbitrary

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control, and corruption which pervades the government has spread to large sections of the population. Industry and commerce are subject to the compulsion of racketeers and adventurers who make impossible the normal development of lawful business. Permits for imports and exports, the stock market, relations between capital and labor, the levying of taxes, and the application of all the infinite regulations that the state imposes on the economy are subject to the intervention of functionaries who only act in response to a *coima* (bribe). There are small *coimas* for minor functionaries and large ones for ministers and governors. The following conversation between an American business man who was visiting Argentina to study the opportunities for investment and group of local technicians who were assessing the cost of development was related to me. One necessary expenditure was listed as for "invisible costs." "What are these?" asked the American. "The *coimas,* sir; it is customary to calculate an annual allocation for the *coimas,*" answered the Argentines.

Within this frame of general immorality flourish thousands of new merchants and speculators who introduce an element of insecurity and lawlessness. Trade is hampered by uncollectible promissory notes, credit letters issued by insolvent individuals, and bad checks. In 1953 the bank of Buenos Aires had to cross off more than 6,000 regular customers who wrote checks without funds. In the same year there were defaults in the amount of 700,000,000 pesos. Peron knows all about these practices—and fosters them. One of the new multimillionaires is a former male nurse in a military hospital, a friend and associate of Juan Duarte—Peron's brother-in-law who died two years ago—and also of the President. The mood of improvisation and disorder permeating the regime is deliberately created by its chief: "I am the son and the father of chaos," Peron once affirmed in a circle of his military friends. The dictator is also perfectly aware that his government and country are in the last throes of bankruptcy and will remain on their feet only as long as there is no slump in the world price of agricultural products, which is the real basis of the Argentine economy.

MEANWHILE Peron cares only for the present and shrugs his shoulders over the future. This philosophy has been behind his decision to hand over the exploitation of Argentine oil to foreign consortiums, although the very essence of his *justicialista* constitution proclaimed the "economic independence" of the country. For the same reason he "invites" those who finance the much-vilified "Yankee imperialism" to invest in Argentina and overwhelms with courtesies the American business missions which frequently visit the country. (Yet it seems questionable whether American capital will flow into the country on a large scale in view of the anarchic conditions in which it would have to operate, especially at a time when Argentine capital is withdrawing from investments at home and emigrating abroad.) The government of the United States seems disposed to make a pact with a Peron who today agrees so docilely to deliver the oil and follow Washington's cold-war strategy. The visit of the United States Secretary of the Navy around the middle of March was interpreted here as a gesture which could signify the beginning of a close military collaboration with Peron—or with the military group which may succeed him.

Behind this recent apparent cordiality between Buenos Aires and Washington there seems to be hidden a subtle play on the part of the American government: on the one hand, it makes its peace with Peron, who lowers his demagogic anti-Yankee banner; on the other surreptitiously establishes contact with two powerful groups quietly working in parallel fashion to organize the Argentine government that will come into being when Peron no longer serves the interests now supporting him. One of these groups is made up of the right wing of Peron's own party and a large number of officers in the military ministries of his government. The other is the Catholic church, directed from Rome to organize a Christian Democratic party. Allied to the right wing of Peronism or opposing it, as conditions may dictate, these elements are preparing the ground for a conservative pro-American government which would try to save the country from the economic bankruptcy into which the racketeers around Peron are dragging it. This vast and well-organized maneuver was revealed to Peron by his expert political police. They informed him that the Catholic church and a military group were working actively to infiltrate the Peronist movement, the unions, the universities, and the army, with a view to gaining control of the political-military machinery of the state and then making a rightist coup.

SUPPORTED by the C. G. T.—his labor federation—and by the ministers who represent the left wing of the government, headed by Interior Minister Borlenghi, Peron raised his war cry against the church and approved in one night a law allowing divorce and the return of legalized prostitution, two moves profoundly resented by the church. The Vatican answered this challenge with a pastoral letter by the Argentine bishops and violent editorials in the *Osservatore Romano.* But the measures against the clergy have not been revoked: religious teaching has been abolished in the public schools; *El Pueblo,* organ of the curia, has been forced to disappear; judges are beginning to grant divorces under the new law; and a commission of municipal architects is making plans for a monumental building of twelve hundred rooms—the first official brothel—the inmates of which will have the status of municipal employees.

But the most telling blow against

O'Clock

Let wild men rant of armored right,
We shall not crouch with them tonight,
But breathe the earth as it was born,
The petal closer than the thorn.

Walk out to darkness in a road
That shifts the fragrance of hay load.
Not here in spill of scattered grass,
Shall we confront the man of brass.

As plain as straw that wisdom chews,
The stars give light our feet can use.
Only the dark of heart are blind.
This old, familiar dusk is kind.

Another noon survives the sun.
Another night for sleep is won.
And better work we did all day,
Than mad Colossus, armed to slay.

LINCOLN FITZELL

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the Vatican forces has been the law, approved last month, convoking a national convention within the next six months for the purpose of amending the constitution to separate church and state. The Peron-packed convention will abolish the constitution's second article, which states that "the federal government supports the Roman Catholic apostolic faith." It will also remove provisions which require that the President and Vice-President of Argentina be of the Catholic faith. The result will be that the Roman church will lose the few privileges now remaining to it, especially in the matter of taxes.

The church is a powerful enemy and Peron knows it. For months church officials have been answering the government-sponsored anti-clerical campaign with pastoral letters of protest, peaceful demonstrations, and clandestine pamphleteering. But on May 28, Argentina's Independence Day, the struggle entered a new and sharper phase. Violence erupted among celebrating crowds in the streets of provincial capitals, and the police arrested more than 125 persons. Even more important, army units in many places observed church rites despite Peron's own widely publicized absence from the traditional Te Deum mass celebrated in the Buenos Aires cathedral. The incident tended to confirm rumors that the army will maintain its church connections no matter what the government does.

The democratic parties in Argentina, weak and functioning under severe handicaps, do not clearly understand the complicated maze of intrigue. They continue to speak of pro-Peron and anti-Peron forces without seeming to realize that the polarization of the population no longer corresponds to this simple scheme. Only youth groups and leaders of the left-wing political factions and unions recognize the change. The leader of one of these youth groups summarized for me the delicate situation in the country. "Until yesterday," he said, "we in Argentina divided ourselves between the friends of Peron and his enemies. Today Peron is finished as a political equation. The important thing is to know for what purpose we will give him his death blow—to turn the clock of history back and revert to our former condition of an Anglo-American semi-colony, or to march ahead and build an Argentina that is politically free and economically just and independent."

PAY-AS-YOU-SEE TV

It Makes Good Sense . . *by Hazel Cooley*

THE latest fuss in television circles could have been avoided if the gadget that makes a pay-as-you-see system possible had been invented twenty-five years ago. If there had been a way to collect from the public in the days of radio's supremacy, it would have been in use from the start. The only method suggested at that time was a tax on radio sets, which was looked on with disfavor for fear it would make radio subject to government direction. So the industry, in 1925, worked out a scheme whereby it could support itself. With the establishment of the network system business interests immediately recognized the value of broadcasting as an advertising medium. Radio could make up for its inability to charge tolls by selling the advertiser, and that is how he became top man in deciding broadcasting policy.

HAZEL COOLEY, author of "Vision in Television," writes frequently for The Nation *on new developments in the industry.*

Subscription TV will operate on a different system from either commercial or educational TV. In commercial TV the sponsor, or advertiser, pays for the time and puts on the kind of program he thinks the most people will like. Educational TV is prohibited from selling time; its costs are paid by universities, schools, communities, state funds, or private or public donations. Subscription TV will use existing broadcasting facilities unless it chooses to establish new stations. The difference is that before its program can be seen, it will collect a fee by means of the home box-office attached to the TV set. The program, whether black-and-white or color, comes in scrambled, and a card or coin must be inserted into the box to decode it. A device attached to a dial-telephone pickup will also be effective.

Educational TV offers no competition to commercial stations, but toll TV does. The networks fear that it will be able to outbid any advertiser for a performer or event and that they will have to cut down their charges to sponsors. Such a leveling-off of inflated values, in the opinion of many persons, would be sufficient justification for the new system. The economist Dr. Millard C. Faught, one of the leading advocates of subscription TV, says: "Actually we can be the means of creating more TV stations and thus create more markets where commercial broadcasters can operate too. Toll TV can introduce the greatest natural marketing system ever devised, and it can be used to cure—rather than worsen as TV now does—the marketing problems of many of the spectator commodities like movies and sports." Dr. Faught quotes a baseball-club owner: "The trouble with television is that we gotta give away our ball game to sell the sponsor's beer." He believes that since it still costs at least 50 cents of the average retail dollar to get a finished product to the consumer, subscription TV can save the American buying public a lot of money by serving as a distribution system.

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Subscription TV advocates would not attempt to make people pay for what they can see free. They plan to broadcast events that are now kept off the air because no sponsor can afford to pay for them: many notable sports events as well as other spectacles worthy of showing and reshowing go unrecorded for that reason. The fees collected, however, would enable toll TV to bring to the home first-run movies, opera, and Broadway shows. The whole family, with guests too, could see them for the price of one admission. National appeals, like those made by the Red Cross, could be answered at once simply by putting another token in the toll box. It is even suggested that toll TV might alleviate some of the financial troubles of educational broadcasters.

Three companies are now sponsoring subscription systems—the Zenith Corporation of Chicago, Skiatron T.V. Inc. of New York, and the International Telemeter Corporation of Hollywood. More than four years ago Zenith tested one of its five systems in Chicago for ninety days. Three hundred families saw and paid for regular motion pictures in their homes at $1 per family per movie. More than 50,000 other Chicago families asked to participate. Although the movies shown were at least two years old and about one-quarter of the three hundred families had seen them, the test proved that more than three new customers were produced for every one the same films would have brought into the theater.

What will be done about the channel that is dark to all but those who pay the toll for unscrambling has not been decided. If no other channel can be received in a particular area, the problem created is obvious. Yet those who have been close to the whole development of toll TV are convinced that the majority of set owners will want the toll service.

It is estimated that the gadget will cost in the neighborhood of $50. Opponents of the pay-as-you-see plan believe this will be a real obstacle; they cite the difficulty UHF operators have had to get people to spend money for conversion. Advocates say the cases are not the same and that people always manage to find the money for the entertainment they want. As for the cost, they remind you that the average family of four going to the movies twice a month at 85 cents a ticket spends $81.60 a year—not counting the price of popcorn.

The F. C. C. will decide whether to give the signal to go ahead with the plan after June 9, the deadline set for "hearing from the public." Up to the middle of May it had received 9,500 letters, postcards, and telegrams on the subject, of which 8,000 were for and 1,500 against, a ratio of 16 to 3 in favor.

Television should certainly serve the whole range of the public interest and not be dictated to or confined by the advertisers' needs. If it takes three systems to do this, then let us have them. The strains and complexities of a free society, the advances made in science and technology, the wonders of the atomic era are going to require a lot of explaining. We have three TV systems to share the responsibility.

THE POWER TO KILL

From Clubs to Cobalt Bombs . . . *by Hornell Hart*

"FASTER, and faster, and faster" might summarize our civilization. Not only during the past few decades but actually for tens of thousands of years man has been achieving mastery over his physical environment with ever-accelerating speed. There have been setbacks and periods of stagnation, but the trend is unmistakable.

When a vehicle speeds up under full and wise control, the driver and passengers feel a sense of power—perhaps of exultation. But when it runs away down a mountain road, with defective brakes and broken steering gear, they have good reason to be terrified. Are the brakes and the steering gear of our civilization adequate to control the speed-up in technology—particularly the speed-up in killing power? If not, ours is a runaway civilization.

The difficulty is that the power to destroy has been increasing far more rapidly than the power to create, and that the power to manipulate matter and advance technologically has increased more rapidly than the power to make social, political, and ethical progress. If destructive power should go on outdistancing socially creative power, the resulting explosion might mean the end of civilization. Nuclear bombs are not in themselves the essence of the world menace. They are merely products of the age-long accelerating increase in destructive capacity, which has now reached a point that threatens imminent disaster.

The increase in the efficiency of cutting tools is a good example of the acceleration of technological advance. If prehistoric flint tools are rated with respect to (1) keenness of the cutting edge, (2) durability, (3) differentiation and specialization, (4) effectiveness of mechanisms employed to apply the blade to the materials to be cut, and (5) utilization of auxiliary power, the combined index shows that man's competence in the cutting and shaping of materials has increased at least as much in the last three thousand years as it did in the previous million years.

Methods of applying physical power have similarly improved. During the whole duration of the

HORNELL HART, professor of sociology at Duke University, is the author of "Consensus for World Law and Order" and other books.

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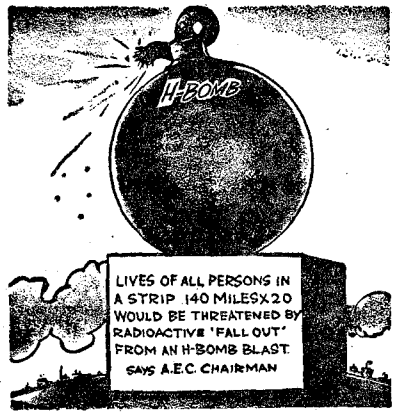
H-BOMB
LIVES OF ALL PERSONS IN A STRIP 140 MILES X 20 WOULD BE THREATENED BY RADIOACTIVE 'FALL OUT' FROM AN H-BOMB BLAST SAYS A.E.C. CHAIRMAN

York Gazette and Daily

It's No Secret Now!

Early Stone Age the power applied to tool-driving was derived entirely from human muscles. Domestication of beasts of burden and enslavement of human beings were late elaborations of the age of muscular power. Four-wheeled wagons drawn by asses and oxen were used in Mesopotamia about 3300 B. C. The ancient Romans turned their millstones by horse-power, slave-power, and probably water-power. Windmills began to be used in England as early as 833 A. D. These developments occupied by far the greater part of man's past time on earth. It took our ancestors more than a million years to acquire the aid of any tool-wielding power beyond their own muscles. The age of horse-and-sail transportation and of slave and water-wheel work-power lasted from approximately 3000 B. C. to 1800 A. D.—nearly five thousand years. Then came the Industrial Revolution.

Watt's first patent on his steam engine was granted in 1765. From then on the use of power derived from coal, oil, gas, and falling water expanded rapidly. In comparison with the almost unimaginably long stretches of time during which man had only elementary aids to power, the electric, internal-combusion, and jet-engine phase of power-evolution has been exceedingly brief, less than a century. Yet in the eighty years from 1873 to 1953 the per capita production of power in this country was multiplied more than sevenfold. And now comes the dawn of atomic power. The swiftness of acceleration in man's mastery of his material world could hardly be more clearly demonstrated than by this upsurge of power at his command.

The increasing speed with which human beings have been able to move parallel to the surface of the earth offers another illustration. Before 1800 man had no means of travel faster than horses. (Horses first appear in history about 1700 B. C., when the Hyksos invaders brought them with them to Egypt.) When Napoleon was in a hurry to get to a crucial battlefield, he could go no faster than his horse could carry him. The first advance over horse speeds came with the invention of the steam locomotive. Between 1829 and 1909 improvements in the locomotive increased the speed of travel more than it had increased in the previous million years. By 1954 the automobile and the jet airplane had increased man's speed nine times as much in forty-five years as the locomotive had in eighty.

Man's conquest of death has also been strikingly accelerated. In ancient Greece four thousand years ago, when bronze tools were giving place to iron, the average life-span of a human being was about eighteen years. The increase since that date is shown in the following table.

Gains per Decade in Expectation of Life at Birth

2000 B. C. to 200 B. C.	.02
200 B. C. to 1840 A. D.	.79
1840 to 1910	1.9
1910 to 1940	2.4
1940 to 1953	4.1

If life expectancy continues to increase, it may reach one hundred in the year 2000.

Falling death rates reflect not only man's increasing control of his physical surroundings, with the resultant better food, clothing, shelter, and medical care, but his growing scientific knowledge of the causes of disease and accidents. It also reflects his success in solving social problems, in building efficient local, state, and national health services, developing international cooperation in health problems, and supporting voluntary agencies to reduce death hazards.

CULTURAL progress can be described in terms of man's power to carry out his purposes In the illustrations thus far presented the purposes have been constructive. But human beings are also moved by the desire to destroy.

The most reliable quantitative measure of destructive power is the range of projectiles. During the early part of Paleolithic times there were no hafted weapons, and a killing beyond arm's reach was done with a club or hand-hurled rock; the range of a rock, it may safely be assumed, was less than the modern record for putting the shot, which is about .01 mile. The bow and arrow came into use sometime between 75,000 and 10,000 B. C., and raised the killing range to not over .2 mile. Between 500 B. C. and 1453 A. D. catapults and ballistae were in use, with ranges somewhere between .2 and .5 mile. At the siege of Constantinople in 1453 cannon with a range of one mile were in use. Such data prove the accelerating increase in killing ranges in prehistoric and ancient times. From 50,000 B. C. to 1453 A. D., the increase in the range of a killing weapon was about 300 times as rapid as it had been during the previous 150,000 years. Between the siege of Constantinople and World War I, the range of artillery increased still faster; but the rate was eclipsed by the rate at which the range of bombing planes increased between World Wars I and II.

On the basis of record-breaking ranges of projectiles, it is possible to calculate, for specified dates, the maximum areas within which life and property could be destroyed from a given base. These areas have increased in extent at such an accelerating pace that they are evidently about to engulf the total surface of the earth.

The power to destroy has other dimensions than that measured by the range of projectiles. The effectiveness of projectiles depends on (1) their range and consequent killing area; (2) the accuracy with which they can be aimed; (3) the number of tons which can be delivered to the target area in a given length of time; (4) the destructive power per ton; and (5) the speed and other qualities which enable the projectile to evade or penetrate interception. Owing to lack of space, the present discussion will be confined to the fourth point—the power per ton of explosives to kill and to demolish.

Long before the military men learned to use TNT, the chemists were developing such explosives as

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fulminate of mercury (1800), guncotton (1838), and blasting gelatin (1875). Each of these broke all previous records for explosive power. Fulminate was 1.7 times as powerful as gunpowder. Blasting gelatin was about three times as powerful as fulminate. Cyclamite (1948) was described by army authorities as twenty-two times as powerful as black gunpowder. Even these non-atomic increases show marked acceleration. After 1875 the percentage increase per year was five times as great as it had been in the previous five centuries. But the final figure sinks into insignificance when compared with explosive power of the atomic bomb.

In 1896 Roentgen's discovery of X-rays opened the way to knowledge of radioactivity and of atomic energy. After 1905 Einstein's Theory of Relativity led to his equation: $E=mc^2$, which expressed the basic transformation of mass into energy. On December 2, 1942, at the University of Chicago, the first self-sustaining chain reaction was accomplished, and atomic energy became available. The resulting sequence of the actual or prospective development of explosive power may be summarized as follows:

	Type Bomb	Explosive Power (in tons of TNT)
1945	Hiroshima A-bomb	20,000
1951	Trigger for H-bomb	250,000
1952	Primitive H-bomb	5,000,000
1954	Full-scale H-bomb	40,000,000

During World War I the bombs dropped by Zeppelin airships on English cities killed somewhat less than 3 persons for every 100,000 of population. In the saturation bombing of English and German cities during World War II, almost 300 persons were killed for every 100,000 of population. These figures reveal a sharply accelerating trend. Before World War I there were no deaths from bombing raids. In World War II civilians were killed at a rate 120 times as great as in World War I. Obviously two points and a base line do not provide enough data for the inductive derivation of a mathematical law. Yet it is evident that the death rate of civilians from bombs rises with the increasing size of the killing area, the increasing tonnage that can be dropped in a raid, and the increasing killing power of the explosive used, especially when these are combined with the absence of any effective international controls. It must be concluded that the potential death rate of civilians in any nation subjected to bombing in a world war in 1963 would approximate 100,000 per 100,000. In other words, if this trend predicts the future accurately, it points to the complete annihilation of populations subjected to bombing in wars after 1963. (The curve might, of course, approach but never reach complete annihilation.)

Note that the data on which the above forecast is based do not include any deaths from atomic bombs. But the meaning of this trend must be interpreted in terms of the ever-stronger threat that such cities as London, Moscow, Leningrad, New York, Washington, and San Francisco may be smashed by uranium, hydrogen, and lithium bombs.

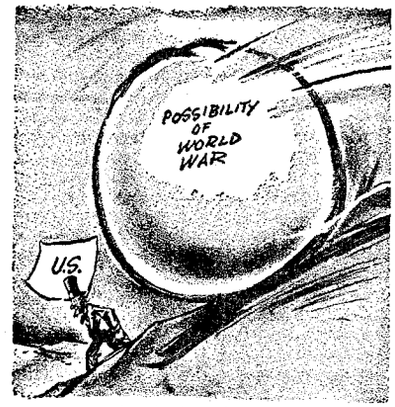
WHILE the data on civilian bombing deaths are too meager for reliable conclusions, the casualty rates of combatants per thousand of population have been roughly estimated since 1100 A. D. From 1100 to 1700 the casualty rate generally accelerated. From 1700 to 1914 it sank back to the level of the sixteenth century. In the first half of the present century it showed an unprecedented upsurge.

The century of peace before World War I is often called Pax Britannica. It was the period during which Protestantism, parliamentary government, and popular education were reaching high levels of development in the Western world. In the seventeenth century the war-casualty rate had risen to more than twice that of any previous century. The Pax Britannica lowered it again to half its peak. But the two world wars carried the death rate from battle in the twentieth century up to nearly six times what it had ever been before.

The conclusion seems, then, to be clear-cut. Hiroshima and Nagasaki are merely new highs in the runaway acceleration of destructive power. The explosion of the atomic bomb has not been an isolated fact, suddenly disrupting an otherwise secure civilization. Explosive power is only one of several factors, each reinforcing the others, and all contributing to the basic trend. If this trend continues, the annihilation of entire populations will become possible in a very few years.

The situation, it will be noted, is not due primarily to the discovery of the atomic bomb. It is the result rather of the accelerating development of military technology. Ever since our illiterate ancestors substituted bows and arrows for spears, human power to kill has been increasing more and more rapidly. The public was temporarily upset by the spectacular jump in explosive power represented by the atomic bomb. The thing to remember is that this was merely a dramatic expression of a tendency which has been evident for centuries and is now culminating in a world-threatening up-rush of destructive power.

The steep increase in destructive power requires a radical increase in the power of social control—which is not synonymous with coercion. The required development must be thought of as a tenfold or hundredfold multiplication of effectiveness rather than as a 10 per cent improvement. It can be achieved only by some radically powerful new factor. And the only new factor which seems to promise anything like the needed effectiveness is the application of thoroughly scientific methods to the life-and-death problems of the atomic age. Such methods have produced major accelerations in industrial and agricultural production, in eliminating disease, in speeding travel and communication, and in increasing the available amount of educated brain power. They might hold the solution for the atomic crisis.



York Gazette and Daily
Watch It Uncle!

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WHAT BANDUNG ACHIEVED

A Setting for Asian Unity . . *by C. P. FitzGerald*

[*C. P. FitzGerald attended the Bandung conference as an observer. In an article which appeared in this magazine two weeks before the conference opened—in the issue of April 2—he forecast some of the results with remarkable accuracy. He is a reader in Oriental Studies at the Australian National University in Canberra and the author of "Revolution in China" and other books.*]

Canberra, Australia

WHAT were the accomplishments of the Asian-African Conference which met in April at Bandung? This question can best be answered by recalling the hopes and purposes which brought the twenty-nine participating nations together. It is clear that a conference which included nations like Communist China on the one hand and Turkey on the other cannot have been expected to produce any agreed conclusions on the problem which seems to the Western world to be all important—that of the cold war and its chances of becoming hot. The fact that twenty-nine Asian and African independent countries could find other problems which seemed to them of real significance is in itself notable.

The conference was expected to adopt resolutions condemning colonialism and racial discrimination, and the West was rather inclined to shrug this off as obvious and irrelevant. But to the participating countries these matters are in no way irrelevant. Colonialism, it was at once plain, means much more to them as a burning issue and glaring wrong than communism and its aggressions. Delegates from every country from Turkey to Japan agreed to condemn the colonial empires in scathing terms, to deny them any virtue, and hope for their speedy dissolution. No distinction was drawn between the colonies formed from ancient civilized peoples, such as Algeria and Tunisia, and colonies which have for the first time in history brought civilization to savages, such as West New Guinea or the African possessions of the European powers. All are equally wrong; all must equally and speedily disappear. The opinions of Asians and Africans on this matter may not be just or logical, but they are strong; Western powers seeking their cooperation for other purposes will have to take more account of these views.

It is true that some of the delegations—Turkey, Iraq, Lebanon, and Ceylon—also raised the awkward question whether there was not in fact a new colonialism—of Russia in Eastern Europe. Strangely, no one seems to have paid much attention to a continuing Russian colonial empire, inherited by the Soviets from the czars, in Central Asia. The attempt to discuss Communist imperialism, although it led to some sharp words behind the scenes, was not pursued, mainly because the attitude of China was so conciliatory, and this attitude evoked a response from the main body of the delegations that made attacks upon communism seem in bad taste. Moreover, even the strong anti-Communist nations did not attack China as a "new colonial power"; Tibet was not mentioned.

THIS fact reveals an assumption about colonialism that colored the attitude of all delegations, although it was never stated. Colonialism meant to them the domination of an African or Asian people by a European power, not the conquest and subjection of one Asian people by another. The decision not to follow up any accusations against Russia sprang from this assumption. The occupation of Lithuania or Rumania by Russia is not colonialism—though many would have agreed that it is also not ethical. Anti-colonialism thus passes no judgment upon what goes on in the way of conquest or subjugation within one continent but strongly condemns the use of these methods against peoples of another continent.

Upon racial discrimination, which the West agrees to condemn, and also to condone, the conference, as expected, was firm and unanimous. South Africa was held up as the example of this evil in its most flagrant form, and all delegations, however light their skins, agreed to deplore any form of racial discrimination without qualification. In the United Nations it must in future be expected that the Bandung powers will stand together on this matter as on the colonial issue.

The conference thus gave reality and strength to views long held by the participating powers with more or less force; it showed that there are issues, cutting across the battle arrays of the cold war, upon which Asia and Africa are of one mind. Whether this solidarity is considered an obstacle to enlisting these nations on the democratic side, or a reason for hoping that they may yet act as a bridge to unite the antagonists in peaceful coexistence, the West cannot ignore the reality of the feelings made manifest at Bandung.

Probably none of the sponsoring Prime Ministers expected that the resolutions adopted by the conference could go beyond this, but they hoped, no doubt, that the meeting of so many nations and of such incompatible political systems would bring forth the seeds of further agreement. Nor were they disappointed. While the nations of western Asia and North Africa mainly saw the conference as a stage upon which Israel could be denounced and the cause of North African freedom proclaimed, those of eastern Asia were in the main occupied with the problem of China—to recognize or to ostracize, to negotiate or to denounce. China's Chou En-lai unexpectedly helped them to make up their minds on these matters, and

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gave the conference a real issue to think about, an issue which perhaps was unwelcome to some and unhoped for by others.

IF PRINCE Wan of Thailand and General Romulo of the Philippines came to Bandung ready to deliver the type of speech they are accustomed to making at the U. N., resolutely opposing communism and denouncing its aggressions, they must have been perplexed to find themselves beating the air. Here was no inflexible Vishinsky reiterating the monumental dogmas of the Communist faith. Chou En-lai was all friendliness and conciliation. He had not come to quarrel but to seek points of agreement; no doubt many differences divided the delegations, but why harp on those points? And when Thailand brought up, admittedly in a very mild tone, the questions over which it is in dispute with China—infiltration, dual nationality, and the presence of Pridi Panomyang in Peking—Chou was ready on the instant to meet the charges with offers of negotiation, with reassurances, with an invitation to come and inspect the Chinese frontier, and with—ever so gently urged—a mild reminder that in the matter of the Kuomintang remnants on the Burma-Siam-China frontier, the Thailand government was not without sin.

The opportunity offered by the conference was taken to announce to the world the conclusion of a treaty between China and Indonesia which regulated and settled the old vexatious problem of dual nationality among the Chinese resident in Indonesia. Chou hastened to remind Thailand, the Philippines, and others that they too could have such a treaty if they wished, and did not underline the obvious prior necessity of these nations recognizing Peking. Now the problem of dual nationality is as real and urgent in Siam and the Philippines as in Indonesia, and the provisions of the S. E. A. T. O. pact do not help solve it in any way. So these nations were very politely offered an alternative—and left to think it over.

The uncommitted nations of Southeast Asia—Laos and Cambodia—which have been offered cover under the outside edge of the S. E. A. T. O. umbrella, preferred, openly, to escape from this dubious protection and negotiate with Chou in his accommodating mood. Prince Sihanouk of Cambodia had a long conversation with the chief of the Chinese Communist delegation and professed himself satisfied and reassured. Laos agreed to regulate its relations with Vietminh and China on the basis of the Nehru-Mao Five Principles, and these powers in turn agreed to treat the Communist rebellion in northern Laos as an internal affair of the Laotian Republic. Prince Wan was quite ready to talk to Phan Van Dong of Vietminh about the refugees in Thailand who want to return to northern Vietnam and are feared by the Thais as the spearhead of Communist infiltration. Real negotiations on urgent issues were the fruits of Chou En-lai's speech during the last days of the conference.

THE question arises, therefore, how far had Chou intended to pursue this line when he accepted the invitation to Bandung, and how far was the Chinese policy formed to meet the mood of the conference as it declared itself after the opening? Two speeches were circulated by the Chinese delegation; one, prepared in Peking, was never delivered. It did not, indeed, contain much that would have sounded offensive to the delegations at Bandung, but neither did it contain much that was constructive. The other speech, which was delivered, was written by Chou En-lai on his knee during the second session of the conference, handed to his translators, who sat beside him, put into English (excellent English), and delivered twenty minutes later, when the delegates for Turkey sat down. This speech contained the specific answers to the accusations made by Prince Wan of Thailand, the definite offers to negotiate matters in dispute and to open the Chinese frontier for inspection by those who feared aggression, and the reassurances concerning Chinese policy in Southeast Asia.

Whether this change was a response to the speeches already made, to the atmosphere of the conference, or to the private approaches which India and perhaps Burma had made to China, it is clear that it was made by Chou En-lai on his own initiative, without consultation, and without reference to Peking—or to Moscow. This fact alone makes the Chinese intervention in the conference one of the most significant diplomatic events of recent years. The offers to the Southeast Asian countries were made on the second day of the conference. It was not until the last that Chou sprang his second surprise, the offer to negotiate with the United States to "relax tension in the Strait of Taiwan." By that time he had had four days to see how the yeast of his first offers would work in the politics of East Asia. The private meetings he had had with Prince Wan, Carlos Romulo, and others had no doubt satisfied him that these offers were having a marked and favorable effect. Then he produced the offer to America—diplomatic timing of rare skill.

It must be supposed that Nehru and Premier U Nu of Burma, when they insisted on inviting China to Bandung, had no certain expectations that Chou En-lai would use the conference to announce this policy of conciliation and negotiation. They may have hoped that if China were drawn into the society of Asian nations as an equal and friend rather than as a champion of communism, it would say agreeable things, and that in itself would have been well worth while in their eyes. The fact that China chose the conference as the stage to announce a policy which has probably been the fruit of secret negotiation both with Russia and with Britain, as well as with India, was a compliment to the five powers and a skilful acknowledgment of the value of the non-alignment policy which India pursues.

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the policy which made Bandung possible.

Bandung thus more than fulfilled the hopes of its sponsors. It gave proof of Asian solidarity on matters of race and colonialism; it opened the way to useful local settlements; it offered a stage on which wider issues could be raised in an atmosphere free from alignment with either side in the cold war. By these accomplishments it emphasized the value of the policy which India, Burma, Indonesia, and Ceylon have made their own.

THOMAS MANN AT EIGHTY

Still the Adventurer . . *by Frederic Morton*

HIS house stands on a hill overlooking the huge mirror of Lake Zurich. Cowbells tinkle not far from its lawn; a village church rings out its vespers; a dog wanders through the rooms, the earnest intelligent family-member dog, the German shepherd dog which has appeared so many times in Mann's novels and stories, the dog whose predecessors have lived and died in his household.

His wife looks as youthful as he. Both seem to be barely in their sixties, though she is seventy-three and he turned eighty on June 6. His secret family nickname is "the Sorcerer," hers "Mielein," though her real name is Katia. They don't address each other by the sobriquets before a visitor; yet their conversational interplay is still marked by quick smiling glances, a certain archness. She possesses a girlish vivacity, is well versed in interrupting him, interpreting him, enlarging his remarks or, sometimes, deflating his statement with fond humor. She is quite modish in a light-gray, thin-sleeved silk dress and gray silk stockings; she leans forward listening, serving canapes, gesturing cordially. He reclines dapper in a beige business suit, a little like a chairman-of-the-board banker who hates to drag his eminent office around with him and who likes to see his wife chuck it out of the way in order to get on with the business of friendship. The room is well furnished, Alpine style tempered with modernity, the dog wanders and the cows tinkle.

"I am going to stay in Switzerland," he says. "It is after all a German-language environment. And I know Zurich, having stayed here from 1933 to 1938, till Princeton called me as a lecturer in the humanities. . . . Yes, I liked it there very much, but when I discovered Pacific Palisades on the West Coast I was seduced by that idyllic spot. . . . Why didn't I stay?" He takes a long, deliberate breath. "Well, America is a pressure place today. Fortunately the political and the literary are still a bit separated there. In fact, during that period, recently, when I was so often attacked, I had more requests from newspapers and magazines than ever. Still, though I can't say I feel freer here in Europe, I feel more relaxed. It may be a paradoxical thing to say about the greatest democracy, but perhaps this pressure business is a phase in a nationalism that is still maturing. Other countries have gone through much more virulent spells. . . . Personally, I shall always be grateful to the United States for the refuge granted me during the Hitler days, and even before Hitler for the very mundane fact that it was American dollars—from the United States sales of 'Death in Venice'—which kept my family eating during the German inflation period of the twenties."

"Do American writers influence European literature? . . . . Yes, to a degree I have never noticed before. But on the other hand, the Europeans also influence the Americans more. There seems to be a Kafka-Hemingway import-export arrangement, a very useful cross-fertilization. Of course every country can influence and be influenced more than ever because communication and education reduce barriers. And the H-bomb [he pronounces the word in English] with its possibility of universal destruction sets up an apocalyptic ferment which tends to experimentalism. New methods are tried, *perforce,* in literature. The necessity to burst old molds, in other words, the freedom to create, is the good side of a bad civilizational experience."

"HOW do these developments affect me?. . . . All right, take me, for, after all, I am still a writer." He smiles and she exclaims, "Listen to him!"

"I am continuing a novella I wrote thirty years ago—'Felix Krull: the Confessions of a Mountebank.' I start precisely where I left off: Krull goes to Paris where he befriends a marquis. He exchanges identities with the marquis and goes as nobleman on a grand tour through South America. It is a *Schelmenroman*—a picaresque novel; I mean it belongs to a traditional genre which started with Cervantes in Spain and which I am trying to continue into the present day. I attempt to present old values in contemporary form because I am anxious to see what happens when ancient truths are subjected to the huge pressures of today. When truth and pressure meet, the truth must win in the end, but it's a newer, more seasoned, deeper truth. In that fashion I am experimenting too. And that excites me." Now he too leans forward, though he channels his eagerness into pouring himself more tea. "You see, I've never tried to do a full-length picaresque novel before. I try to do something different each time I begin a project.

FREDERIC MORTON, author of "Asphalt and Desire" and other novels, teaches writing at the New School in New York City.

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If I didn't, I would have written 'Buddenbrooks' over and over again." "And made a great deal more money that way!" she interrupts him smiling. "Yes, it would have been financially more advantageous, but there was no stimulus within me to repeat. 'The Magic Mountain' was an attempt in another direction. So were the 'Joseph' books and 'The Holy Sinner' and now 'Krull.' That's why I never have the feeling of mastery. I am glad I don't, for it would bring with it a rigidity, a complacency, a formula-happiness. I need the challenge of uncertainty. I don't want to draw a life-long moral pension from the Nobel Prize, and I don't want to fall asleep on top of a lucky reputation. I want writing to be an adventure, and I am greedy enough to grope for a new elusive trophy every time."

WHAT about his reading today, the visitor asks. "Oh, I am at Gide again," he says. "Gide opened all of French literature to me, as well as all of the so-called decadent literature. He was a gateway author to me, and so was Turgenev, who opened the Russians to me. And do you know whom I am reading again these days? Hermann Bahr [an Austrian essayist and dramatist]. I began with him, you know. When I was in my late teens I was so fascinated by his style that I used to write whole diaries in slavish imitation."

Mann himself, the visitor remarks, is a gateway author to German literature. He appears to bow to the compliment, but what he actually does is duck away from it, reaching for a canape. "You know," he says, in a slightly embarrassed non sequitur, "many years ago I wrote a novel called 'Royal Highness.' They just made a motion picture out of it, the first film made of any of my books. I hear they will show it in America. 'Royal Highness' is interesting to me today also for another reason. It stems from the same creative period in my life as the 'Felix Krull' novella. Both the swindler and the monarch are primarily concerned with the ceremonial of make-believe. Both succeed through the nurture of illusion even though they are at opposite ends of the social scale. The artist, that is, the writer, shares characteristics of both, for the lies he tells and the illusions he conjures up are not taken literally, as are the monarch's, but are still socially sanctioned; on the other hand, the artistic illusion also exploits the public's need to be beguiled on which the swindler plays. So I suppose that both 'Royal Highness' and 'Krull' are works about the artist."

He has dropped the kindly, composed banker manner; not merely his body reclines against the pillows but his head against the sofa back. His eyes have lost focus as he suddenly talks Thomas Mann prose, full of long rhythms and intricate diableries, his voice changed, his pitch higher.

"I suppose I am making a big book out of 'Krull' today because I am worried about the place of the artist. His position is more precarious than ever. His illusions are more needed than ever and the truth inside them. But there is so much doubt and confusion nowadays that as defense we have built a cult of efficiency around us like a cocoon." His mouth remains serious as his eye twinkles: "And it's hard to be a creative swindler in a cocoon."

Then his whole face smiles; he has caught sight of a copy of the old "Krull" his visitor has brought along for autographing. Spontaneously he takes up the book, leafs through it. "This illness-faking scene is one of the most capital I ever wrote," he says, reading, almost in amazement. Abruptly he laughs out loud, closes the volume. "Do you know what I would like to do at this moment? I should like to stand in front of an audience and read this scene to them. There is nothing I like better when lecturing than laughter. Then I know I have reached them, that I am really talking to them. Critics call me a symbolist or an ironist, but what I actually am, in intention if not in execution, is a humorist . . . especially as I grow older. Strangely enough, emigration did not make me at all gloomy. On the contrary, I am glad it happened to me, though the circumstances prompting it were terrible. But for me personally it was a revelation to make friends with the New World. You might say it gave me a new pair of eyes. I feed on contrasts, you know. I try to make the most of them, my Latin mother and my North German father, for instance—I wrote about that in 'Tonio Kroeger.' And now, after America, I am another contradiction richer."

WHAT are his future plans, asks the visitor.

"We are going to the premiere of 'Dial M for Murder' in the *Schauspielhaus* tomorrow night, something I would really hate to miss. They say it's very entertaining, and I love the theater." "He wants to be beguiled!" interrupts Mrs. Mann. "And the day after that," he resumes, "bright and early we are off to Lake Geneva for a little vacationing, and after that an excursion to Italy." "And we are going to look for a house," she admonishes him. "Yes, we are looking for a place to build a house. Here Golo and Erica [two of his children] are living with us and we are too cramped in two small floors." He smiles wryly. "I know it is a little foolish for a man of my age to build a new house, but somehow I feel I have a lot to do yet. There is already a great deal of manuscript on Krull and there will be a lot more. I still have to learn how to be weary." He sees that the visitor has risen. "And I have to learn how to say goodbye—that too is an old man's art." He seems to have small aptitude for it; as the phone rings and she runs into the next room and exclaims "It's Florence! Thomas, it's Florence!" he grips the visitor's hand firmly, turns, waves: "*Auf Wiedersehen!*"

Thomas Mann

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BOOKS

Spain Divided

THE CYPRESSES BELIEVE IN GOD. By Jose Maria Gironella. Alfred A. Knopf. Two Volumes. $10.

By Kay Boyle

JOSE MARIA GIRONELLA is a Spanish writer who lives in Spain, who is not yet forty, and who is of the belief that "no real poet ever deserts his country." And there is in this long novel, with its singularly moving title, a great deal of authentic poetry. "Revolution and blood," writes Gironella, "cypresses and bones," giving us in one phrase the inseparable equation of political drama, and in the other the eternal commitment of man's substance to the soil. Evidence of this dual awareness is present on nearly every page of this book, which Gironella considers "a reply to those books on Spain written by Hemingway, Koestler, Malraux, and Bernanos." He found he was not convinced by the books of those four authors, "not for political reasons, but because they give a small view, a folkloric view, of the Spanish drama and do not confront the theme in its totality." Thus the intention of "The Cypresses Believe in God" is to make clear with complete impartiality how Spain came to be divided in two. The book, reportedly a best-seller at the time of its appearance in Spain, is now presented to American readers in an admirable translation by Harriet de Onis, and the publisher recommends it as "the first Spanish novel of world-wide relevance since Vincente Blasco Ibanez wrote 'The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse'" nearly forty years ago.

"The Cypresses Believe in God," however, is merely the first step in an ambitious undertaking. The period it covers is from 1931—after the fall of the Spanish monarchy and the establishing of the republic—to July 30, 1936, two weeks after the outbreak of civil war. The second part of the trilogy, according to Gironella's plan, will cover the civil-war years, 1936-39. The final section will be, like the first, in two volumes, one dealing with life in Spain since the civil war, and the other, parallel in time, with the life of the Spanish exiles abroad. The tone, Gironella stresses, is to be maintained in rigid impartiality throughout, "conceding to all those involved both their best and their worst motives." Certainly no literary project of comparable scope has come out of contemporary Spain.

The middle-class family of Mathias Alvear is the pivot which Gironella has chosen and around which turn an entire nation's daily existence, its religious ritual, and, eventually, its social revolution. The Alvear home is an apartment in Gerona, a Catalonian city where Alvear is employed as a telegraphist and where on Sundays and after work he fishes off the dining-room balcony into the river which runs behind their house. Mathias Alvear is a liberal, a Republican, a man with a warm heart and a sense of humor, whose high principles derive from instinct and not from discipline. These are profoundly Spanish qualities. His wife, Carmen Elgazu, is a devout Catholic and a devoted wife and mother who, with the irrationalism of the traditional Latin woman, leaves the province of politics to her husband but joins with the church in taking that of good and evil for her own. There are two sons in the family, Ignacio and Cesar, the elder, "romantic and impulsive, and influenced by the conflicting ideologies"; the younger, a seminarian who, like Dostoevsky's Aloysha, lives outside of his own time, belonging to eternity. There is a lively, pink-cheeked daughter, Pilar. Ignacio carries "the civil war within himself"; Cesar exemplifies the poetic, mystical legend of the Catholic church, and the simplicity of his devotion runs, pure and untarnished, through the social unrest which is the meat and matter of the book. ("Unemployment was gnawing like a cancer at the vitals of many families . . . many workers received a slip of paper: 'Until further notice.' . . . Portugal was dealing mortal blows to the cork industry of the province. . . . there were seven hundred thousand unemployed.") Pilar becomes an apprentice dressmaker and falls in love with Mateo, the local leader of the fascist organization, the Falange. With sixty-odd other characters from which to choose, it is unfortunate that she should have selected him, but since she was educated by nuns and intent on marriage, one accepts the inevitability of her choice.

Mateo is one of the less brutal, less bullying blue-shirted youths who have sworn allegiance to Jose Antonio Primo de Rivera—as the black-shirted youths swore allegiance to Mussolini in Italy, and the brown-shirted to Hitler in Germany—and his principles are presented as impartially by Gironella as are those of Cesar, the seminarian, and an equal fervor and exaltation accorded each. "This is what Falange wants," says Mateo. "To be faithful to the tradition of Spain, unite all Spaniards, and project its spiritual light upon the world. All other programs for Spain are petty, ignoble, borrowed from secret organizations that are our enemies and take the easy road of promise. The Anglo-Saxons first undermined our geographical empire—America, the Philippines, Gibraltar; now they seek to do the same with our spiritual heritage." Moved by these sentiments, Mateo and his comrades beat a German archaeologist into unconsciousness. (The Falange, it should be borne in mind, is no less active in Spain today. A recent interview with Franco published in the Falangist daily, *Arriba,* quotes the Caudillo: "Our thought is that there must not be any change.") And Cesar, the gentle seminarian, watches the disastrous forest fires which the Anarchists have ignited surreptitiously in a season of drought unable to grasp "the idea that anyone could set mountains on fire. . . . As for the trees—there were times when he even thought they had souls. During the nights he had spent in prayer, every now and then he had gone to the window, and if the moon was

KAY BOYLE is well known as novelist and short-story writer. Her latest book is "The Seagull on the Steps."

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shining, or a light in the patio was burning, had watched the poplar leaves trembling as though greeting him, or at times as though weeping slow tears. No one was capable of setting fire to them deliberately! And least of all the cypresses, which seemed to him the trees that had the most reason to believe in God."

THE drama, then, not only of a society divided in a half-dozen ways within itself but of families likewise divided, creates a restlessness, a passionate suspense, which is maintained throughout the whole of Gironella's first volume and through the greater part of the second. We are held by the human stories which unfold against the background of political events until, as the political events increase in violence, the human story is submerged for pages at a time. At that point the questions which were there from the beginning clamor for answers, and it is perhaps in the future volumes that Gironella will give them with less calculated concern for the effect.

The publication in Spain of "The Cypresses Believe in God," Gironella writes elsewhere, "produced an authentic searching of consciences." Obviously it is a book that offers Spaniards an opportunity of reliving their own complex history, and its appearance in translation now gives English-speaking readers an invaluable document—that is, a generous sample of a social fabric woven of the individual lives of Spanish fascists, socialists, Anarchists, Communists, Free Masons, Catholics in a moment of acute unrest. Gironella himself was born in Gerona and like Cesar attended an ecclesiastical seminary. Like Ignacio he left the seminary in distaste and became a clerk in the Banco Arnus. From 1936 to 1939 he fought at the front in the civil war. So the question arises as to whether history can be set down impartially by any man who played an active part in it. Would it be Spanish fascist or Republican, Free Mason or Catholic, who might be expected to develop the degree of detachment which would enable him to write of the Spanish civil war as an outsider would? But who, in our time, remained an outsider, and aloof from the drama of Spain's civil war? The honor of all men was implicated in that struggle, for the issue of man standing weaponless and alone before organized power had never been more heroically defined.

Gironella is a regular contributor to the organ of the Spanish monarchist party, *ABC*, and he states that his articles in that paper have "acquired a national importance, because in them, for the first time since the civil war, a writer has publicly denounced things that 'are not going as they ought to in this country.'" How guarded criticism of the present regime must be in order to appear in the pages of any Spanish newspaper is another question which requires an answer. But if Gironella, for the sake of finding a publisher for his book in totalitarian Spain, and for the sake of continuing as a contributor to the *ABC* has told the story of the five years preceding the outbreak of civil war with shrewdness, he has also told it artistically well. "Your crusade is wonderful," Ignacio says to his fellow-student, the Falangist leader, Mateo, "except that nobody knows where he's going or whom he's rescuing. You call for discipline, danger, and joy. In other words, to die singing. What for? For many years people here have died singing, and above all they've been sung after they were dead. What most of them want is to sing while they're still alive."

Science: Dawn and Triumph

THE SCIENTIFIC REVOLUTION, 1500-1800. By A. R. Hall. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.50.

AMERICAN SCIENCE AND INVENTION. By Mitchell Wilson. Simon and Schuster. $10.

By Benjamin Harrow

MR. HALL'S treatise is a scholarly contribution to the history of science. It emphasizes the development of scientific ideas and methods brought about by such giants as Galileo, Newton, Lavoisier, and others. At the close of the Middle Ages scientific knowledge was pathetically meager, but within three or four hundred years the roots of present-day astronomy, mechanics, and chemistry had been firmly planted.

The "scientific revolution" terminates, according to Mr. Hall, in 1800; and with this date the author's job is finished. The question might well be raised: has there not been a "scientific revolution" since 1800? Take, for example, the discovery of radium a hundred years later, with all its consequences—the electron, the nucleus, the atomic bomb? Not so, according to Hall, for "the processes, the tactics, and the forms" by which modern science evolves did not change during these hundred years. This is one point of view but not a common one.

Some topics are deliberately omitted. Mathematics, for example, is neglected "because it deals not with the phenomena of nature but with numbers"; so is medicine, "because it was at this time rather an art than a natural science."

Mr. Hall points out that even before the dawn of science there was considerable technological progress. The magnetic compass was described in Europe in the thirteenth century; in the following century gunpowder was used to propel projectiles; and in the fifteenth century printing had established itself.

Hall's account of pre-dawn and post-dawn activities is extremely lucid, and the book is meaty and suggestive throughout. But I do not agree with his statement that the "development of natural science is the most pregnant feature of Western civilization." While this is quite a popular view, there are other intellectual pursuits that may prove in the long run to be equally "pregnant." We are too near the "scientific revolution" of the twentieth century to get the proper perspective.

The book by Dr. Wilson is the finest pictorial history of technological progress in America that I have seen. To the thoughtful reader, I would recommend that he first read and digest Hall's work, which deals with methods and ideas of science, and then proceed to Dr.

BENJAMIN HARROW is professor emeritus of the Chemistry Department of the City College of New York.

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Wilson's enormous tome, which is full of the applied science for which Americans have a special liking. And yet in fairness to the author it must be stated that he does not altogether neglect the scientist in favor of the inventor, for he tells us about Franklin, Thomson, Beaumont, and Henry, as well as about Pickering, Rowlands, Gibbs, Michelson, Langmuir, and Pauling, who represent the modern period. Fermi is somewhat out of place here, seeing that he got the Nobel prize before he came to this country from Italy. And in so worthy a piece of popular writing why attempt the impossible with Gibbs? Write about his life, yes; but don't confuse the non-scientific reader with attempted explanations of the phase rule and entropy.

A Poet's Progress

WILDERNESS STAIR. POEMS 1938-1954. By Ben Belitt. Grove Press. $3.

By May Swenson

READ consecutively, each of the four sections of Ben Belitt's second book of verse presents us with a new and higher platform of poetic development. The first part opens with Dance Piece, from which was taken the theme of Martha Graham's choreography, Errand into the Maze, and ends with Nightpiece; both are excellent formal lyrics out of the poet's soul-observatory. Between these we find a "travelogue" of poems with flashing impressions of places from Mexico to Manhattan; naked contrasts of sensations are employed; hard, sharp, torpid, often inorganic things are ranged alongside the tender and lively. The language supports the choice of symbols, and consistently in this group, as in the fine poem Tourist and Turtle, the intention is seen to "strike a strenuous sweetness out of brine." Most impressive is the evidence of control and equilibrium in the handling of polarities of beauty and horror in Bull-Ring: Plaza Mexico.

A steeper ascent, toward the transcendence of self-conflict, is announced in the next section by the first lines of the long poem Later Testament: "Contest, the habit of angels, Tempted the man from the wilderness stair." Here, as in Section III in the astonishing poem Karamazov, an evolutionary step is taken in technique: language is pared of excess and metaphors are sculptured; scrupulous detail is less sought after than an effective whole with apocalyptic and psychological reverberations.

> Crimes, contradictions, enigmas, anomalies, wars,
> Chance's inspired alternations at play with the possible,
> Perfidies, nightmares, vendettas—they haunted us. . . .

says Belitt in Karamazov, incidentally revealing some of the underlying excitations in his verse.

In his wrestling with opposite angels, one an exacting moral sense and the other a willingness to be overwhelmed by the sensual, Belitt occasionally sounds a too obvious echo of Gerard Manley Hopkins: for example, "The cold frond fell, looped to the leveler's foot" or "That bird broke blank to the eyebeam"; but such indulgences are found only in relatively minor poems, of which there are few in this ambitious second volume.

An unmistakable pinnacle is reached in the final section with four powerful war poems. Descent in a Parachute, constructed around the symbol of the birth trauma, is at once an intuitive self-dissection and an analysis of man's precarious condition. In The Spool, the poet plunges into a daring new form and masters it. Abandoning the seductions of the pentameter and ambiguity of images, he relies on neither rhyme nor color, makes use only of blunt tonalities, of movement and light. Black, white, and gray as the film of which it might be the script, the language of this poem is forthright and strict, perhaps projecting a fresh, dynamic tangent for Ben Belitt's future work. In Casualty, the closing poem, he confesses his aim—through "the unselving act,/ To force an unspeakable image from the maze"; and we feel that this aim has been memorably achieved.

MAY SWENSON is the author of a book of poems, "Another Animal."

Selected Verse

COLLECTED POEMS. By Edith Sitwell. Vanguard. $6.50. The reader with the patience to pick his way through a great deal of the quaint and querulous will find rewards in reading Miss Sitwell. The best of these must not be missed, but a selected volume might have made the best less expensively accessible.

WATER OUZEL AND OTHER POEMS. By William H. Matchett. Houghton Mifflin. $3. A grand first book. Matchett's successes leave no doubt. Visiting Poet, the only good poem to Dylan Thomas among the hundreds I have seen, is unmistakably a permanent poem. And Matchett unmistakably a poet.

BIRTHDAYS FROM THE OCEAN. By Isabella Gardner. Houghton Mifflin. $3. Isabella Gardner has some mannerisms and borrowings, to survive, but even over a sprinkle of sour notes, a poem as good as the first—and much the best—of this book, is promise enough and fact enough for anyone's reading.

THE MIDDLE VOICE. By Constance Carrier. Alan Swallow. $2. Miss Carrier, winner of the 1954 Lamont Poetry Selection, is a passionate formalist and earns her poems both humanly and aesthetically. If there is a weakness here it is that the rhythms never override the discipline to an overtaking fine excess. The strengths of her work remain, felt and securely made.

THE SYMBOLS. By John Holmes. Prairie Press. $1. A much-delayed gathering of poems from a few years back. A pamphlet, small but rich. Having recently been "discovered" by both William Carlos Williams and Auden, Holmes should begin to receive some of the recognition his poems have long since earned.

THE SEASON OF FLESH. By Byron Herbert Reece. Dutton. $2.75. No one today can write an imitation folk ballad so richly as Reece does. Some of these are wonders. When Reece tries to adapt the ballad to more personal and immediate uses, however, nothing seems to happen.

THE SCARECROW CHRIST. By Elder Olson. Noonday. $3. Olson is another of the good and honest workers at poetry about whom too little is heard. These poems should certainly take any reader.

A MANTELPIECE OF SHELLS. By Ruthven Todd. Grove in association with Bonacio and Saul. $3. With some admiration I find myself thinging of Todd as a sort of buckshot

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poet but I am not sure he does more generally manages to hit his bird, but I am not sure he does more than knock off the feathers. Counts for score, I guess, but makes a rather thin bag.

THE MORAL CIRCUS. By Edwin Honig. Contemporary Poetry. $3. A long overdue first book and a fine one. Honig has that rare purity of mind that teaches a man truths about himself. No "important" poems here, but real. A book for happy rereading.

JOHN CIARDI

World Politics

SEEDS OF DESTRUCTION. By Cedric Belfrage. Cameron and Kahn. $1.50. The talented editor of the National Guardian, victimized by Velde, McCarthy, and Brownell and threatened with deportation, here offers us "the truth about the United States occupation of Germany." In form this is a highly readable, fully documented, and slightly fictionalized account of personal experiences and observations from the liberation of Aachen in October, 1944, to the reappearance of Nazi-ism in 1947. In content, it is one of the most penetrating and dramatic analyses of what happened to typical Germans and Americans in Hitler's ruined Reich. In reception, it has been so systematically ignored as almost to suggest a boycott. To question United States policy in Germany is widely deemed "subversive." This is a pity. Such questioning is imperative. Belfrage's book deserves wide reading.

NUREMBERG: GERMAN VIEWS OF THE WAR TRIALS. Edited by Wilbourn E. Benton and Georg Grimm. Southern Methodist. $4. Following a thought-provoking introduction by Professor Benton of the University of Houston, eleven German jurists, including Jodl's defense counsel, Dr. Herman Jahrreiss and Dr. Hans Ehard, here offer their opinions of the memorable trial of Nazi war criminals. They are agreed that the penalties imposed for "crimes against peace" constituted victor's justice and ex post facto law, that it is better to win wars than lose them, and that peace is wonderful—for the moment.

THE LETTERS OF JACOB BURCKHARDT. Selected, Edited and Translated by Alexander Dru. Pantheon. $3.75. The brilliant Swiss historian (1818-97) whose most famous works were "The Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy" and "The Age of Constantine the Great" wrote many letters to many friends about travel, art, politics, things past, and things to come. These selections, with an admirable introduction by the editor, are at once delightful and intellectually exciting.

AMERICA'S RISE TO WORLD POWER, 1898-1954. By Foster Rhea Dulles. Harper. $5. The most recent addition to the "New American Nation Series," edited by Henry Steele Commager and Richard Brandon Morris, flows from the facile pen of the chairman of the History Department of Ohio State University—who is not to be confused with others of the same surname. This is a competent and suggestive narrative and interpretation, albeit somewhat narrowly limited to the familiar dichotomy of isolationism versus interventionism.

THE FATE OF THE FRENCH NON-COMMUNIST LEFT. By E. Drexel Godfrey, Jr. Doubleday. 95 cents. The "Doubleday Short Studies in Political Science," edited by Richard C. Snyder, is a valuable experiment in the publication of serious monographs in pamphlet format. Among the most valuable entries in the series is this penetrating diagnosis, by a gifted young political scientist of Williams College, of the strength of communism, the weakness of socialism, and the decay of proletarian liberalism in France. Dr. Godfrey throws new light on the sickness of French society as a whole.

FRANCE: THE TRAGIC YEARS, 1939-1947. By Sisley Huddleston. Devin-Adair. $5. The gracious British journalist who died a French citizen in 1954 succeeded in the difficult feat of being consistently wrong in all his political judgments. This "eyewitness account" is a lively, belated, and pathetic eulogy of the Vichy regime and Marshal Petain ("one of the noblest figures of a tragic epoch") and a bitter attack on the Resistance and on everything in the Fourth Republic which offers any hope of national regeneration.

DEMOCRACY AND MARXISM. By H. B. Mayo. Foreword by Walter Bedell Smith. Oxford. $5.50. Mountains of books, pro and con, have been written about Marxism. This erudite and fascinating volume by a professor of political science at the University of Alberta is by a considerable margin the most incisive, critical, and illuminating evaluation of Marxism recently published. The author understands that a refutation of Marxist errors—and on this he does the best job to date—

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does not diminish the appeal of Marxism in a world in which anti-Marxists are still unable or unwilling to make an effective response to the Marxist challenge.

NATIONALISM: MYTH AND REALITY. By Boyd C. Shafer. Harcourt, Brace. $5. Genial Boyd Shafer—Ohioan, Iowan, Arkansan, War Department historian, and currently editor of the American Historical Review—here distils his thinking of twenty years about the nature and meaning of nationalism as the mass faith of modern mankind. The result is less striking than Toynbee and less learned than Hans Kohn. It is none the less a readable and stimulating reassessment, based on broad historical and literary knowledge.

DEVIL'S DIARY. The Record of Nazi Conspiracy and Aggression. Edited by John L. Stipp. Antioch Press. $3.75. Memory fades. "Revisionist" historians obscure the past. The "lessons of history," if any, are forgotten. Therefore it seemed useful to Associate Professor Stipp of Knox College to summarize in readable form, through excerpts and brief editorial explanations, the Nazi record of planned conquest, from the "Hossbach Notes" to "Case Barbarossa," set forth in the nine heavy volumes of captured German documents published in Washington and used at Nuremberg a decade ago. This is a scholarly service "lest we forget." Unhappily, an America dedicated to German rearmament is in duty bound to forget.

THE AMERICAN TRADITION IN FOREIGN POLICY. By Frank Tannenbaum. Oklahoma. $3.50. Columbia's distinguished Latin American specialist here adds his bit to the "great debate" on United States foreign policy, championing the "moralists" against the "realists." His contribution is vitiated by the fact that his postulate of "the co-ordinate State" is conceptually relevant only to a formula of international federation, a la Clarence K. Streit, and is an absurd illusion in foreign policy as conventionally conceived. Professor Tannebaum not only fails to discuss this issue but appears wholly unaware of its existence, apart from asserting, quite wrongly, that the fictitious "equality of states" is "the essence of federalism in international relations."

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

CORRECTION:

The fiction list printed on May 28 was selected by Stanley Cooperman. His name was omitted by mistake.

Theater and Films

Robert Hatch

THERE is no reason to say much about "Once Upon a Tailor." It took a frightened look at the reviews and the box-office advance and fled after three or four performances. This was a Jewish pseudo-folk tale; by a shift of accents and the addition of pixies it could as well have been an Irish pseudo-folk tale. The dominant quality was the sense of manufacture. I had thought it might run a few weeks on the strength of Oscar Karlweis in the title role and perhaps by virtue of Boris Aronson's main set—a cottage interior downstage, with above and behind a steep cliff criss-crossed by paths. This type of set—Eugene Berman used one like it for "Amahl and the Night Visitors"—permits actors a delayed approach to the area of action, thus adding visual suspense to the dramatic content.

Karlweis should be seen more frequently and at greater length, as an example for native actors. He has considerable innate charm, a quality so highly regarded in the theater today that stage and screen are crowded with attractive amateurs who have never considered the difference between a valid performance and a personal success. They are like the mechanics who repair your car with negligible competence and a big smile. Karlweis, on the contrary, is an actor well schooled and long practiced, and the fact that he has a winning way about him is pleasantly incidental. His performance in this thin, apologetic comedy was alert and graceful, enriched with pertinent detail. He did all that could be done, and I am sorry that it was not enough.

AT THE time this is written, the proprietors of the musical version of "Seventh Heaven" (Anta Theater) have not publicly conceded defeat, but I cannot believe it will still be alive by publication date. "Seventh Heaven" has an enviable reputation for durability, but this time it has been pole-axed. The score of the musical is insipid, its book is an embarrassment, its spectacles are second-rate second-hand, its choreography is bumps without vigor. I mention no names, since no one was any drearier than anyone else, and I know that some of the performers have more talent than they demonstrate here. It is a puzzle how anything so large and so spiritless ever gets into town. I suppose it takes courage to cut your losses when they are bound to be considerable. It is easier to carry on and pray to God—the "Bon Dew," as he is referred to with quaint Latin familiarity at least fifty times in "Seventh Heaven."

TWICE in "The Great Adventure" the steady roar of high planes presses down on the staccato chirps and barks and crackles of the woods, and the camera looks up at the vapor plumes spiraling in the sky. It is the world outside, too distant to be really an intrusion, intensifying the sweet logic of the perpetual, intensely centered cycle of events that occupies the film. Arne Sucksdorff wrote, directed, and photographed "The Great Adventure"; the planes are but one easily extracted example of his extraordinary sensitivity to images and implications.

This gentle, clear-eyed picture rather stole up on New York, and the critics have been surprised into firing off some of their heaviest adjectives. If you go to it expecting to be stunned or swept off your feet, you may be disappointed. Its perfection is a small perfection; it makes no pretense of importance, does not even claim originality of subject or treatment. The instinctive fraternity of children and animals and their doomed gallantry in opposition to adult necessities have been photographed before. I am certain, though, that they have never been photographed better.

The place of Mr. Sucksdorff's film is a small lake and woodlands adjacent to a moderately prosperous Swedish farm. His narrative begins in the woods in the spring—a season full of delightful incidents—and it is some time before the camera moves on to the human premises. A

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vixen, stylish and seeming contemptuous of less elegant organisms, makes the contact. She needs food for her pups, and the farm fowl are less wary than the wild ones. She eventually pays with her life for having discovered this.

Later in the year a youthful otter is in jeopardy. He fishes through the winter ice, and human fishermen resent his superior skill. This time, however, the boys of the farm—aged perhaps fourteen and ten—are aware of the plot. They spirit him away from his den in the woods and make a secret pet of him. He in turn makes slaves of them, there being no end to an otter's appetite. But he is a fine cold-weather companion; his belly-flopping down the hills to the lake is a particularly satisfactory trait. In the next spring he leaves them and goes back to the woods and the water—it is sad, but it is not tragic.

That is the way with "The Great Adventure": it is sad or merry as chance determines, but it is never tragic or comic. The picture is ruled by the wild animals it records, the children having only a limited citizenship in that world. And animals do not crack jokes or bitterly rue the day except when their innocence has been Disneyed out of them.

There is nothing simple about Mr. Sucksdorff's film skill, but he has retained a wonderfully simple relish for nature. It delights him and does not dismay him; he is a man of good sense and good taste, and it would not occur to him to become coy or sentimental about the events of the woods or the ventures of children.

A film for all ages, everyone says, and I am sure this should be so. But the children I know have an almost exaggerated tenderness for animals, and I would expect some tearful protests. There is no trace of cruelty in the picture, but eat and be eaten is a fact, and Mr. Suckdorff does not evade it.

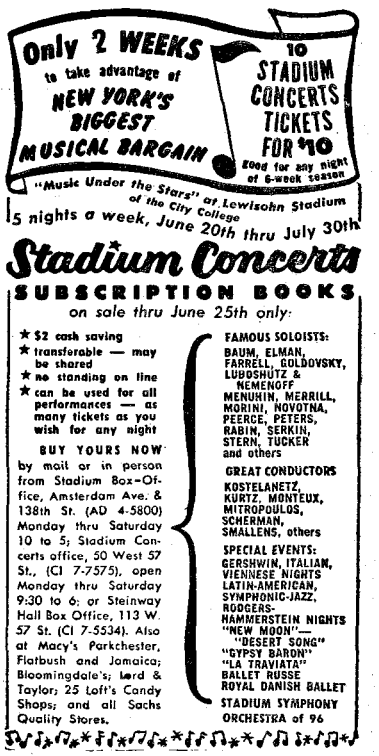
ANOTHER film of nature is "Green Magic," the report of a jeep trip across South America, the journey being made apparently for the purpose of reporting it. Count Leonardo Bonzi and his three colleagues are certainly undauntable travelers—there were times, in fact, when I felt a little daunting would be pleasant variety—and they stumbled upon some genuinely exotic situations. You will have heard, perhaps, of the one big snake swallowing alive another equally big snake; and of those hungry little river fish that gobble up a heifer—also alive—before your eyes. Then there is a black mass at the edge of the jungle, but this looked like tourist trade goods to me. The bongo beat is exhilarating and probably authentic, but the communicants seemed camera wise. I don't mean to put you off "Green Magic"; the camera crew really cut new trails, and one episode—the enacted autobiography of a rubber tapper in the dark malaria forest—is particularly fine narration. At times it is just a little too pat, a little too determined to knock your hat off.

Records

B. H. Haggin

RALPH KIRKPATRICK'S superb book on Scarlatti was followed by his edition of sixty of the harpsichord sonatas (G. Schirmer; two volumes; $2.50 each), in which he gave the correct texts that Longo had taken it on himself to "correct," and restored the original pairwise arrangement of many of the pieces that Longo had taken it on himself to destroy. In addition Kirkpatrick adopted the admirable procedure of keeping the text free of his ideas for performance and putting them into a long preface; but the special style of this music is one I can't imagine a student learning from printed directions alone—even directions as intelligent as Kirkpatrick's; and more effective instruction is provided now by his recorded performances of the sixty sonatas (Columbia SL-221, comprising ML-5205/6/7/8), which enable the student to hear how the notation is converted into the living sound. Not that these performances are to be taken as the only possible ones: Kirkpatrick himself warns against that; and his warning is reinforced by the actual performances of a few of the same pieces on older records by Malcolm, Valenti, and Haskil—performances which have an enlivening warmth, flexibility, grace, and beauty of sound that Kirkpatrick's lack. It is painful to have to say about a man who brings to the music dedication and love and knowledge like Kirkpatrick's that he plays much of it with dull plainness and some of it with stiffness and heavy stolidity—qualities which are made worse by his use of a Challis harpsichord instead of the lovely-sounding Chickering that he used for Bach's "Clavieruebung." But it is pleasant to be able to add that not all the performances are unattractive—that a number of the quiet pieces are played with delicacy and beauty of sound, and a number of the lively ones with buoyancy and brilliance.

As for the sonatas themselves, they include only a very few of the best-known ones performed by Malcolm, Valenti, Haskil, and Casadesus on the records I have. And though Kirkpatrick's selection of the sixty he felt he wanted most to play includes a few that I find uninteresting and a few others that are only moderately engaging, for the most part the series, arranged in chronological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order, is amazing in its constantly fresh and fascinating invention, its increasing complexity and subtlety of texture, rhythm, and harmony. If you would like to acquire only one record I suggest either ML-5208, devoted to sonatas of the middle period, all superb, and two—K.215 and 260 (L.323 and 124)—especially outstanding; or ML-5207, with groups of fine early and late sonatas, including several that are especially good.

Oiseau-Lyre OL-50043, "Masters of the Harpsichord (17th and 18th Centuries)," offers pieces by the Italian composers Durante, Della Ciaia, Greco, and Marcello, of which I have enjoyed only the Marcello Sonata in C minor; and several more impressive ones by German com-

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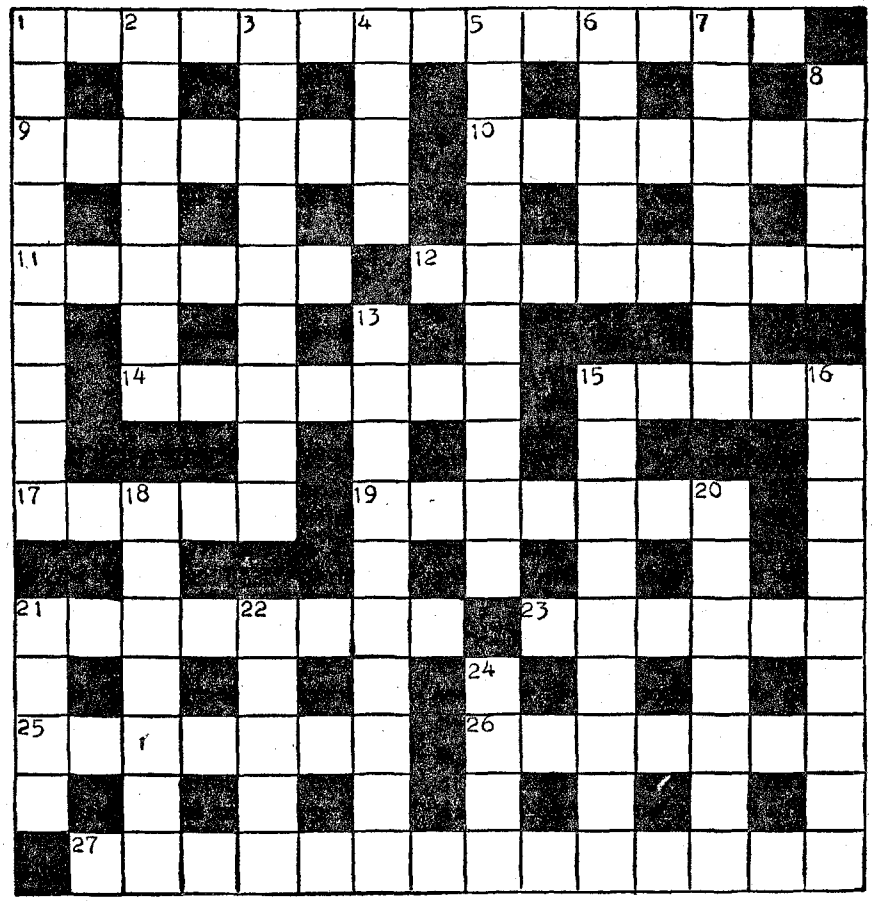

ACROSS

1 Reputedly a hard worker. (Some say 27 is). (9, 5)
9 You might find the answer necessary. (7)
10 If I appeared in this slip, the back framework would show. (7)
11 The first major prophet. (6)
12 The written part ends with distorted falsehoods. (Made of the whole cloth, no doubt. (8)
14 Not most of the game on board, sometimes taken up before dinner. (7)
12 See 21 across
17 Cyrano was largely this. (5)
19 Electrical device about the player. (7)
21 and 15 Supposedly graceful. (8,5)
23 The way the voters worked? (6)
25 Attic letter opposing Italian drink. (7)
26 No guest should be depressed in oral examinations. (7)
27 He has to travel a long distance. (Some say 1 across does!) (9,5)

DOWN

1 and 2 The "Water Music," appropriately? (7,2,3,4)
3 Broken up. (9)
4 Bind together. (4)
5 Strains to get the pitch, like 19 when it loses the second note. (6,4)
6 He has quite a bit for a slave. (5)
7 When sick, I and my friend bring up the subject of stony particles. (7)
8 Obviously such tumors are in the news. (4)
13 What they call a helicopter suggests the "Chicken Reel." (10)
15 Give Tom a pick-me-up if he's in such a trance! (9)
16 Finished wrinkled serges inside and wandered away. (9)
18 Jenny was such a nightingale. (7
20 The mainland portion of Spanish Guinea. (3,4)
21 Friar put in a retired position. (4)
22 Put on before or after. (5)
24 Prop stop. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 622

ACROSS: 9 LATERAL; 10 and 1 THE VIEW FROM POMPEY'S HEAD; 11 OBRIEN; 12 BANDITTI; 14 CROSS-CHECK; 15 EDIT; 17 EACH; 19 TRANSITIVE; 22 TORTURES; 23 UTOPIA; 25 RECEIPT; 26 HAIR OIL; 27 SHOOTING GALLERY. DOWN 1 FELLOW CREATURES; 2 ONTARIO; 3 PERVERSE; 4 MOLE; 5 ENTRANCING; 6 SPEEDY; 7 EXISTED; 8 DOWN IN THE VALLEY; 13 CHARLESTON; 16 MISTRIAL; 18 CURACAO; 20 IMPLODE; 21 JURIST; 24 WHIG.

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posers: a Toccata and a Sarabande by Richter; Froberger's Variations on the popular air "Auf die Mayerin," with one variation that is astonishing in its powerful chromatic writing; a Fantasia by Pachelbel; Kuhnau's "Gigue luthee"; and an unidentified Allemande, Capriccio, Minuet, and Aria by Handel. Gerlin's performances, much of the time, carry his distentions of tempo to the point where, for me, the music doesn't move freely.

Telefunken LGX-66029 has two of Schumann's finest works for piano, the Etudes Symphoniques and "Carnaval," played by Geza Anda. The anonymous writer of the accompanying notes seems not to have listened to the performance of the Etudes; and the reading listener will be confused by the failure to list the two additional unfamiliar and quite lovely etudes that Anda inserts in the series that is usually played. He plays the piano very beautifully, and the music with great clarity; and in the Etudes there is less that seems studied, mannered, and eccentric in phrasing and pacing than in the "Carnaval," where one comes to feel a longing for a little spontaneity.

Uninsky's insensitive playing of the piano and distortion of the music in the Chopin pieces on Epic LC-3122 are something to avoid.

Columbia ML-4974 offers a seldom-played but very lovely work by Dvorak, the Symphonic Variations Op. 78, and the agreeable surprise of a performance by Beecham with his Royal Philharmonic that has an easy flow—as against his ponderously static performances of recent years. The beautiful sound of the orchestra is reproduced with a heaviness of bass. Balakirev's "Tamar" is on the reverse side.

Bartok's Concerto for Orchestra treats, in his own words, "the single instrument groups in a concertant or soloistic manner"; it is, in addition, a work whose fast and light portions I find engaging; and so I listened to the performance on Columbia ML-4973 to hear how the Philadelphia Orchestra plays and sounds, and found that this continues to be something to marvel at; though the fat sound of the full orchestra is part of the vulgarity of the orchestra's conductor that one hears in the performance of the work.

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